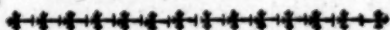


The Favourite Song of
FRIENDSHIP.

With an additional Verse.



THE world, my dear Myra, is full of deceit,
 And Friendship's a jewel we seldom can meet;
 How strange does it seem, that in searching around,
 This source of content is so rare to be found!
 O Friendship! thou balm and rich sweet'ner of life,
 Kind parent of ease, and composer of strife;
 Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r,
 But empty delusions, the joys of an hour!

How much to be priz'd and esteem'd is a Friend,
 On whom we may always with safety depend;
 Our joys, when extended, do always encrease;
 And griefs, when divided, are hush'd into peace.
 When fortune is smiling, what crouds do appear,
 Their kindness to offer, and friendship sincere;
 Yet change but the prospect, and point out distress,
 No longer to court you they eagerly press.

How different from this does a true friend appear!
 In all our distress he doth equally share;
 If we're blest, then he's happy, but if we're oppress'd,
 No ease can be found in his generous breast;
 We are blest in each others endeavours to please;
 For what are all joys, if our friend's not at ease!
 Then don't, my dear Myra, all friendship disdain;
 For friendship's a jewel no wealth can obtain!

FOWLER, PRINTER, SALISBURY.